

The Evening World.

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WHEREIN?

THE demotion of Police Inspector Daniel Costigan without stated reasons has NOT passed with the people of this city for one of the normal, natural readjustments in the Police Department.

Police Commissioner Enright must recognize that fact. He must realize that both his action and his refusal to explain it are of a nature to arouse misgiving and challenge scrutiny.

Inspector Costigan was a Police Inspector who had won the special respect of New Yorkers for energy, courage and intelligence in the performance of police duties. He did notable work as head of the Vice Squad. As an expert in hunting down gambling and gamblers he is probably unequalled. So far as the public knows his record was without a blot.

The only reason Commissioner Enright gives for taking Costigan from a position he seemed admirably fitted to fill is that "there were one too many inspectors."

Even so, why pick for elimination one of the best?

Asked if the demotion of Inspector Costigan could be taken to mean relaxed vigilance toward certain disorderly elements in the city, Commissioner Enright is reported to have said that "he and not the public is the best judge of such conditions."

This kind of talk has not emanated from Police Headquarters since the days of Devery. It strikes with extra unpleasantness upon the ear of a New York grown used to the high police standards developed under Mayor Mitchell's administration.

The public has good reason to be disturbed. Experience has taught that when there is a slump of administrative standards in the City Hall the Police Department is the branch of the municipal service certain to show the earliest and worst effects.

Confidence in the City Hall is at present preceded by a prominent MINUS sign. Nevertheless there has been every wish to believe Commissioner Enright meant to keep the police force up to the high mark it had attained.

All the stronger, therefore, is the feeling of uneasiness aroused by his shoving a first rate Police Inspector like Costigan, peremptorily and without explanation, out of the front line into a rear guard.

This uneasiness is not to be quieted by spectacular police raids on brilliantly lighted, all-night dairy restaurants in Columbus Circle or elsewhere, where the peaceable, law-abiding citizen eating a bowl of bread and milk after midnight is liable to find himself rounded up as a "questionable character."

There are precedents and practices in New York police annals which the city hoped it had put away forever.

Among such was the practice of making a big show of police activity in conspicuous spots where it was least needed, while in darker, quieter corners vice was permitted to go on untroubled so long as it could raise and pass along "the needful."

Commissioner Enright says he knows better than anybody "conditions" in this city with which it is the work of the police to deal.

After fifteen years of efficient service on the job, wherein did Inspector Costigan show himself unfit to deal with those conditions as Commissioner Enright purposes to deal with them?

Letters From the People

From a Physician.

Editor of The Evening World:

As a physician of many years standing, practicing most extensively among the Italians of the Greater City of New York, may I not voice my protest in their behalf against Nation-wide or National Prohibition?

Almost from time immemorial the people of Europe, and especially those of the Latin countries, have lived, thrived, existed and reared their families on the wine they are able to obtain for themselves and in which these countries abound. The very poorest among them, if they have nothing else, still have their vineyard that they may produce for themselves the purest of body-building wine, which gives them strength and brawn to thrive and perform the most arduous labor.

Again, in the treatment of many diseases its uses are manifold; its curative and corrective powers almost without number; therefore, by a stroke of the pen to deprive the great mass of your laboring people, especially the Italians, of what is their "staff of life" would be to strike a death blow at their liberty, as well as their inherent or constitutional right.

I do not mean to be quoted as saying that the States and the Nation are not justified in the passage of laws that will most effectively regulate the traffic in liquor and put an end to drunkenness, which any right-thinking person certainly deprecates, but I do say that the people are the

best judges of what these laws should consist, and that the kind of prohibition, as advocated by the National and Democratic platform, and not arbitrarily deprive the people of this pleasure, which is certainly neither the voice nor the will of the people. If the people vote in favor of Prohibition we will bow to and abide by their will, but I do not consider it fair or just that a law such as this one, which strikes at the liberty of each one of the people themselves, should be placed upon the statute books, in which they have no voice.

JOHN W. M. PERILLI, M. D.

Suggests Government Ownership.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to J. P.'s letter, "Would Reduce Profits." I wish to state that there is absolutely no need for profits. Stop the profit system and you have Government ownership. Take, for instance, the postal system of the United States. Is that run on the profit system? If that gigantic business was owned and controlled by a private system the public could not afford a letter to any part of the United States for three cents. By reducing the wages of organized labor or 6 per cent. of the American workers, will not and cannot remedy the situation. If the profits were reduced the organized and unorganized workers would undoubtedly suffer through low wages, overproduction and unemployment. The only way to better the standard of living for the workers of the world is to have the Government run by the majority (meaning the workers) and not the minority. When this is accomplished we will have a Socialistic democracy and not an autocracy.

C. J.

Answers to Readers' Questions.

MISS L.—File application with the Employment Bureau of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

POLE—Apply any day at the Federal Court, hours 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

E. JONES—Iron Trade Review, No. 230 Broadway, Iron Age, No. 239 West 25th Street.

MRS. M. H.—File your application

with the Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J.

READER—The Windsor Hotel fire occurred on March 17, 1919.

CHARLES J. R.—No record of such a school as you ask for.

READER—"The Star-Spangled Banner" is recognized as the national anthem.

Pleasure Before Business

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

All Is Well—The League of Nations Is Assured!

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THE League of Nations party, with words and music, was well under way at the sumptuous apartments of Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's wealthy husband, in the ornate High-cost Arms Apartment House, when the Jarrs arrived and beheld the crowded parlors brilliant with electric lights shining through colored and cut glass globes on the ugliest art objects that money could buy.

Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith received the guests, assisted by a very fat, fatidic lady whose terms "to lend an air" were \$300 a night.

Of the fair young hostess's guests all were very wealthy and stupid except a very few of the friends of her spinsterhood, who, while they may have been stupid, were not at all wealthy.

These last included Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle, who, as Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle darkly suspected, had "something on" the lady of the apartments, and so had received an invitation to the League of Nations party, with words and music.

Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Rangle kept to themselves during the preliminary reception and bitingly commented on the taste of the rich furnishings, the appearance of the guests and the abject hesitancy which Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's elderly husband seemed to enjoy.

That gentleman, a tyrant downtown, where Mr. Jarr labored with other wage slaves for him, but a serf at home, had stood out for one thing, and that was that, League of Nations or no League of Nations, the dance is schism should NOT be danced.

As the guests arrived one by one they were announced by a butler who had for years preserved his English accent in his employer's best brandy, and who had of recent darkly hinted that he would return to England in June, as this free country would then have lost its liberty when it renounced its liquor licenses. However, he was still on the job and newcomers were announced by him in the proper manner, without an "h" to their names.

After the butler announced the guest—never getting one name correct—whether with or without an "h," the hostess would smile and say, "How sweet of you to come!"

Then the guest would smugly reply: "I wouldn't miss your charming affairs for the world!"

The impression seemed prevalent among those present that the affair would be a tower of strength to

the buzzing of the conversation rose higher, as Mr. Pinkfinger took his place at the piano to accompany Madam Squallini, the dispute, in undertones, being whether the singer received one thousand a night or two when she sang in society.

The League of Nations evening was on! It was a great success! There was no doubt that Clara Mudridge-Smith had busted right into the world politics, and had achieved international social recognition at the same time!

As a boulevard Bohemian, who might yet turn and uphold property and law and order, Mr. Michael Angelo Pinkston was the sensation of the evening when he arrived on the evening line. He wore across a fairly clean shirt the broad crimson ribbon of revolt! The Patriotic put the moneyed interests present at ease, however, by whispering that it was the ribbon of the Order of the Iron Owl, conferred upon those who had gained the notice of the late King Edward VII. for their ability to stay up late.

Guests who had previously arrived were thrown completely in the shade by the impressive presence of Mr. Pinkston. Other than these whispered matters of much moment, there were only two other topics of conversation.

The first was that these twenty-room apartments in the High-cost Arms rented for \$30,000 a year! And, second, that they contained twenty-five bathrooms, there being a bath even to the kitchen, pantry, and ice box, doubtless, and two to some of the bedrooms de luxe. In the High-cost Arms one could take a bath every hour of the day without waiting one's turn. What more can money do?

"The affair is very recherché," said Mr. Pinkston affably. "Sumptuous without ostentation, elegant and yet with that exquisite distinction without which luxury becomes flamboyant, and, so maddens the masses!"

The Patriotic whispered to the hostess that Mr. Pinkston had "the air!"

The whisper went all around that the newly arrived distinguished-looking guest of the evening had "the air!" And that the Patriotic (and she knew) had said so!

Everybody having arrived, the hostess rapped her costly fan on her knuckles and announced that Madam Squallini, of whom Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar were no jealous, would sing the mad-scene aria from Lucia.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," he replied.

"Well, an argument about the famous old people of geography," she said. "You know—like Paul Jones, Thomas Jefferson and John L. Sullivan."

"You mean history, not geography," Lucile said. "I'm the most agreeable little cutesy you ever run across. But what I was getting at when you sidetracked me was an argument we had in here this morning. A fellow sits at the counter and says to me: 'Washington's Birthday will soon be here. Guess I'll have to observe it.'"

"Why don't you go down and cross the Delaware Water Gap?" I ask him.

"Now, don't be silly," he says. "I bet you don't know who Washington was."

"Say, brother, it sure gets my goat. To think of him asking that! Well, I born right here in New York, didn't know who Washington was! Well, I was puzzled with anger."

"I give him one look. 'Brother,' I says, 'if you knowed one-tenth as much about Washington as I do you'd brag yourself to death. Now don't be simple!'"

"Do you know much history?" he asks.

"Never mind!" I says. "I got a pretty good line on all the old historians!"

"All right!" he says. "Now tell me who was Quincy Adams?"

"You know, do you?" I ask.

"I certainly do."

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

Being the Confessions of the Seven-Hundredth Wife, Concerning the Deceit of Man, Which Is All Subconscious.

MY Daughter, I charge thee, scorn not my maxims, but receive my judgments with understanding and abide by them.

For not even a MODERN Damsel, who readeth *Prose* and goeth unto problem plays, knoweth aught concerning men and their subtle ways until she hath been married to at least ONE of them.

Verily, verily, if thou MUST "tell things," I charge thee confide thy secret to a Bachelor.

For a woman is as a paper bag which leaketh, and a Married Man hath no secrets from his Wife—save his OWN!

Doth a man praise a damsel openly in thy presence, saying:

"Yes, she is a PEACH and a thing of beauty!" Then fear her not. For she is not THIS one.

But if he pretendeth to raven at mention of her name, saying:

"Yes, she is KAWTHLIK interesting. Yea, she is so-so." Then beware! For he hath not told thee the half.

Think not because two men jibe at each other in thy presence and vie for thy favor openly that they are RIVALS.

For, peradventure, when one of them departeth the other will lose interest and follow soon afterward.

And thou alone of the three will remember what they said.

Yet, when two women jab at each other in the presence of a man neither of them dareth go FIRST.

For each knoweth that at her departure the other will tear her limb from limb, saying:

"Poor girl! What a PITY she tinteth her hair the wrong shade!"

Hearken not unto the youth that sigheth, "Ah, would that I were rich!" while he holdeth thy hand, nor unto him that talketh vaguely of what he shall do when his "salary is raised."

For when that day cometh, peradventure, he shall discover that he needeth a motor car and not a wife.

And a man who is in LOVE proposeth not upon the strength of his income, but upon the impulse.

Behold, when a youth saith unto thee:

"Do with me whatsoever thou wilt. For, alas, I am as putty in thy hands."

Then, I charge thee, turn from him, nor waste thy time upon him.

For his middle name is Girl Tamer and his heart is encased in cotton batting and his emotions are shellproof.

But if he saith:

"Seek not to cajole me, Woman! For I have foresworn love forever and am henceforth IMMUNE!"

Then mayest thou choose the wedding decorations. For he is ripe for the garnering. Yea, he is as the babe that singeth in the dark, the Boche that boasteth before the battle—because he is AFRAID!

Behold, a man saith, "Go to! No woman can flatter me."

And the damsel saith, "No. I am sure not."

And, lo, he is flattered beyond measure.

For the deceitfulness of a woman is premeditated, but a man's deceit is broad SUBCONSCIOUS. Selah.

I am in receipt of a letter from a "near-salesman." Perhaps that's the wrong expression. He isn't so very near. His letter is an interesting—and so entirely untrue—I am giving it to you to-day. Here it is:

"You haven't, so far, written anything about different kinds of salesmen. Having given this a great deal of thought, I believe a successful salesman in one line might be an absolute failure in another. It is extremely important for a young man taking up selling to find out what he is best adapted for—whether it is selling books, merchandise, insurance, service, bonds, or whatever it is—and among what class of people he would feel most at home."

"The salesman who is versatile enough to sell anything and to approach every type of person is not made or developed. He is a genius and was born that way. I believe many a person with selling ambitions has been 'killed' by not getting into the right line. A mechanically inclined man would never make an accomplished musician. It is just as important for a salesman to analyze himself."

"I have been moderately successful as a salesman, but if I had to sell a commodity or service to people I had never met without any leads—I would be a complete failure. The mere thought of starting out in the morning with no prospects—merely taking a chance and depending upon a flimsy line of talk—is almost hateful to me. The first two or three rejections would settle me for the day. If I have been given the opportunity of gradually working into a man's confidence, or if I should call on a lead, I may say I would get better results than the average salesman."

"I formerly sold notions to department stores, jobbers and commission houses. I knew my subject thoroughly and was able to give my customers sound advice as to where to sell, what prices to get, what competition they had to meet, &c. The result was they depended on me to a great extent, and it would have been a Herculean task for an outsider to get into their confidence. Would you call that salesmanship?"

"Selling holds no fascination for me. I get more fun out of organizing a sales campaign, writing letters, or calling upon people who have sent in an inquiry. At least I am sure of a reception. Would you sum me up as lacking persistence, that I was lazy and not willing to take the knocks and setbacks a salesman should expect? I would be glad to get your opinion."

The above is a very remarkable letter. It represents, concretely, the attitude of many people toward the salesmanship profession. The attitude is distorted and untrue. The writer of the letter is not, and probably never will be, a real salesman. Not everybody can be a really successful salesman. Everybody can achieve a fair measure of success at selling.

There are two types of people in the world—the thinkers and the doers. The thinker plans work for other people; he is a director, an executive. He can tell other people how to do things better than he can do them himself. The doer can accomplish more through his own personal efforts. He cannot plan successfully for other people; frequently he cannot plan for himself. Put him out on a job where he MUST deliver the goods by his own efforts and he brings home the bacon. This latter type is the real salesman. He makes just as much money probably as the thinker. He is just as high class a man. He is a virile, red-blooded fighter; he wants to get into the thick of it himself instead of directing operations from a point of vantage. The man who wrote the above letter is the thinker type. He is not a salesman.

(Day after to-morrow Mr. Griffith will proceed with his analysis of the man who writes the letter printed to-day.)

FACTS WORTH KNOWING. For the use of police a fingerprint camera has been invented that can be operated by a man without expert knowledge of photography.

Experiments by American experts are showing that the latigius of Te-huantepec is one of the best places in the world for bee culture.